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AVERY N. BEEBE.
1833-1919.

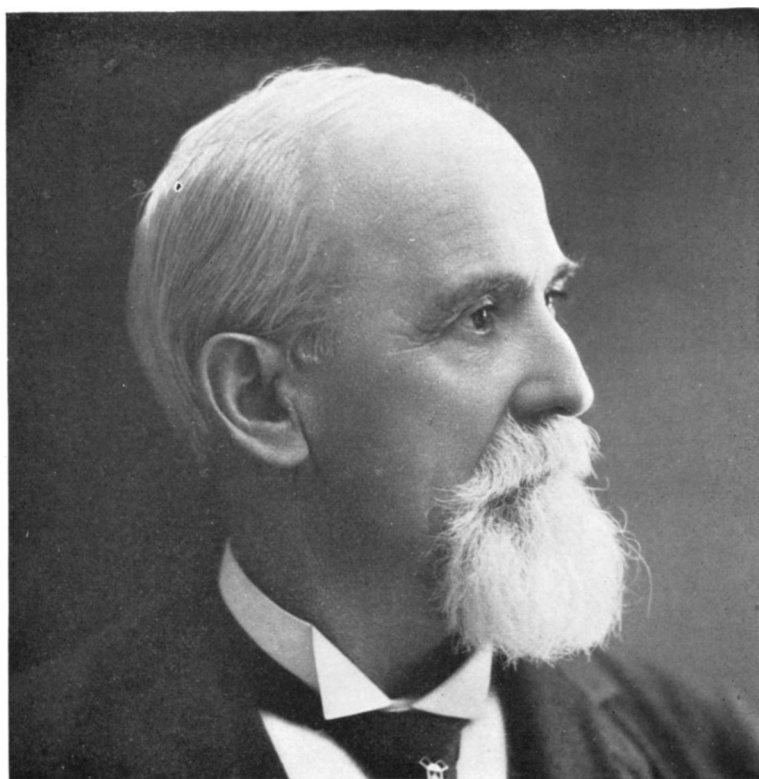
Avery N. Beebe was born in New London, Conn., August, 1833. His early years were spent in Ohio and his mature life in Plano. At the age of twenty-four he journeyed across the country with another young man from Ohio to Southern Iowa, each with a team of horses and wagon, encountering great difficulties in fording swollen streams, losing a horse and nearly losing his life. Later he returned to Plano from Iowa, he became a salesman in the general store of Steward and Henning and afterwards embarked in the hardware business. He later became a traveling salesman for New York and Chicago houses.

In the spring of 1881 he was appointed as an examiner in the interior department at Washington, D. C., serving faithfully here until compelled to retire, owing to sickness at home.

In 1861 he was most happily married to Miss Frances A., the third daughter of George and Lucia Bradley, early settlers of Kendall county. This lovable helpmate departed this life August 5, 1915; she was a sister of Mrs. W. H. Jones and William Bradley of this city. Six children were born to them: Jencie, Mable, Charles William, who preceded their father in death and Lina Beebe Borton, of Portland, Oregon, George Avery and Allen survive him. Mrs. Borton was with her father in his last hours and was a great comfort to him.

In politics Mr. Beebe was a consistent and earnest Republican, his first vote for president was cast for John C. Fremont in 1856 and he voted for every Republican candidate for president, including Charles E. Hughes.

While a resident of Plano he held numerous official positions, Justice of the Peace, a member and clerk of the first board of trustees and one term as president. When Plano was organized into a city, he was one of the first aldermen. In the fall of 1884 he became a candidate for the office of Circuit Clerk



Avery N. Beebe.

of Kendall County, backed by a host of friends from home and in a very warm contest was nominated over the late E. W. Faxon, who then lived at Fox and from that day and including two years ago was practically nominated and elected without opposition, which was due to his efficiency and usefulness as a clerk and citizen. He was a member of the Hamilton Club of Chicago, the old time City Club of Aurora and the Maramech Club of Plano. He was a charter member of Sunbeam Lodge A. F. & A. M. No. 428 of Plano and always retained his membership. He served one term as Master and six years as secretary. In 1890 he compiled and published a map of Kendall County.

Mr. Beebe was an interested member of the Illinois State Historical Society and contributed historical articles to its publications.

Mr. Beebe's republicanism started with the Lincoln nomination in Chicago at the old and famous wigwam. He with others was at the door clamoring for admission when a sergeant-at-arms gave out the word that no more men would be admitted unless they were accompanied by a lady. This was a stunner for the young and handsome Beebe, but a gentleman accompanied by two ladies heard the order and looking young Beebe over said: "I will lend one of my ladies to you, sir," and thereby giving him his chance to see Lincoln nominated.

Mr. Beebe died April 14, at his home in Yorkville. Funeral services were held from the home Friday, April 18th. Burial was in Elmwood cemetery, Yorkville, beside his wife. A great many old time friends and associates were present to pay their last respects to a loyal friend and true citizen.

TRIBUTE TO MY DEPARTED FRIEND, A. N. BEEBE.

BY JOE WILLIAMS

When a man lives 86 years in this wobbly, mostly misguided world, with a large share of all those years spent in continuous contact with people of all races, all classes, in all sorts of conditions, all manner of opinions and irregular tastes and passions, socially, politically, and especially officially, doing

delicate and often complicated business transactions, often of intricate solution and uncertain outcome, doing it all for people, exacting, often unreasonable, uncharitable and unrelenting, some with chips on their shoulders, others with bitterness in their hearts, all with a demand for exact and favorable results, all to their own personal satisfaction—doing all this, and at the end, when the books are closed, his work finished, and the journey begins for that other world, to the life beyond, or to the realm of eternal mystery, or to the confines of nothing, to the waste dump, or to be blown in ashes to the everlasting nowhere—depending on your faith and belief, the living hope or despairing surrender to the inevitable, unchanging penalty for living and having a being, forced in and then forced out and then quitting and going and leaving the fruits of your years behind, to be measured and weighed and estimated and valued and the verdict delivered and when you hear it announced and it is unanimous—not guilty, nothing unjust proven, innocent of any wrong intent, free from all taint of suspicion, released with honor, praise and approval, such a finish is grand, beautiful, and only comes to a few, rarely as perfectly to any. It is a reward for living a life straight, to the glory of mankind, and to the honor of God; the dearest and richest legacy a departed mortal can leave to his kin and to the world. It is a reward worth striving for, sacrificing for, something that surely must soothe the dying hour, and reconcile to the everlasting parting, that cannot help but brighten the way, making the way more easy, less to be feared and dreaded.

I cannot remember just when this model man found me, at least, when we first met and began a friendship that endured to the end. Anyway, it was before he began his official life, and at a time when a full black beard covered his face and with other attractive features gave him a Chesterfield appearance and with his courtly and courteous bearing, his gentle and gracious manner, he appealed to me as a gentleman to the manner born, kindly, refined and withal a man worth knowing and a friend to be appraised and valued and to be proud of. I know he cherished an exalted, extremely extravagant and what appeared to me, exaggerated opinions of my knack of producing stuff from the scribbly end of a leadpencil and as a

result frequently he conferred with me in regard to supplying him with some little stuff, featured and fashioned after my own way—most anything would meet his approval. He made the effort and went to some little expense to make something out of me, to give me a chance to get among people of quality, especially of literary importance and intellectual character—he was anxious to have me share the advantages of participating in functions of wit and worth, the “matching of minds,” and general process of mental measurements publicly expressed.

The mere fact of being but an humble village blacksmith seemed not to occur to him as a fatal handicap, or a social bar to public preferment; but so long as I looked good to him, he could see no reason why I might not look good to all and therefore he made the effort to place me in a position, where evidently he felt I belonged. While I was grateful and flattered for his most kind and helpful intentions and efforts, I could never take them seriously, no matter how well meant, because I believed he was mistaken, and his faith sadly misplaced; but it proved the nobleness of his heart, the kindness of his nature, the unselfish devotion to democratic simplicity, the inherent belief that one man was as good as another, so long as he possessed some qualities that equaled some other man’s qualities, rank and social position barred. Is it any wonder that I valued him for what he was, a man of simple and honest character, broad minded, deep minded, wholly unselfish and openly generous and helpful, winning his way among men, and going out of the world, acclaimed by all people, a good citizen, a valued and desirable friend, wholly prepared and worthy of that eternal life beyond, where it is said the pure in heart shall share a place at the right hand of the King, dispensing rewards and bestowing holy benedictions.